LONG BARN,
WEALD,
SEVENOAKS.

52 Tavistock Sq^re WC.

My Violet,

I hope you won't mind my taking up a pen – Vita's pen – to write to you again, out of affection merely. I like ~~to~~ cracking my silly joke with you. I forget where I left off Had I been attached by Arnold Bennett, & sent to meet him at Leigh, & told him to face, & he to mine, that our books are worthless trash; & then we embraced, & I am to go & see him, & his wife said She has a child called Virginia. Oh but, said Colefax, that's not his wife, only his mistress, & if you go calling her Mrs Bennett

you may find yourself in the Law Court. So I came
down here for the weekend, & spent last night
describing you to Vita, & how we went to Greece together
20 years ago, & the goats were milked under the window, &
I behaved so badly & you behaved so well. There
are few people I am fonder of than Violet Dickinson,
I saw: or have more cause to be grateful to you.
Ungrateful bitch as I am, I never pass her door
without a smile. Then there was Ella Crum, & Beatrice
Thynne. So we go on talking while the eleven
dogs, some in childbirth, parade the rooms, & the
old Butler thumps in & out, to catch scraps of our
conversation, the rat, at which they laugh in the
I wish I could send you something to amuse you or
write a poem, with Rhymes to Dickinson, in your
praise: A Violet for Violet. A Chicken song for
Dickingsong. No. Cant be done. Prose is more
my line. So please get well quick, & let us go on
corresponding. Vita says may she
send you her love.
Yr Bp.

52 Tavistock Square W.C. Sunday 27th March. 1927.

My Violet,

I am ashamed never to have answered you before, but I am so sick of writing. I shall give it up. It bores me beyond belief. You see I can no longer use a pen. However I should very much like to know how you are. Nelly says she has seen you, and you walk about spit, swear, pick up your skirts and run after donkeys along the sands of Brighton. Lady sackville watches you through a pair of highly ornamented glasses from her etrrace. It sounds to me so unnatural that I should be perfectly in my element. Lady S. writes me pages and pages--about secretaries, Ebury Street, Vita, death, life, food , money--in pencil on narrow pages with a hole through them, such as middle class women I think use (I am middle class but I never buy my own beef) to write down how many pounds of beef they must buy. Being ill is rather nice in some ways: it brings one in touch with oddities. I have been having, not an illness, but a n experiment with typhoid germs before going to It

Italy which has reduced me from spry middle age to senile decay in three hours and a half. They squirt a little sticky juice into one's arm; next momet one has a temperature of 102 and cant move, think, read, or laugh. I am only just emerging.
But I thought of many odd people, you and Lady S. and Katie whom I sat next to at a Mozart opera the other night. She has bought a complete charwomans outfit, bonnet, boots, shawl and all; but forgotten that nature provided a Greek Goddess for the head piece; there she sat more incongruous than you can think, in the middle of the stalls, and never noticed me. It is a most effective style of course; had there been Lady Diana present in all her pearls she would infallibly have looked like a --the word is improper, I will not use it. Are you back in Manchester Street? We are off on Wednesday to Nessa at Cassis; to Naples, to Sicily to Paestum, to Rome and so home--ruined, but happy. I will try to learn how one writes. I hope you will by then be better than you have ever been in your life. Leonard's love

V. W.

Dec
1923 Saturday

Monks House
Rodmell
Lewes.

My Violet,

I am so pleased that the
servant who was with Ju
when I was a baby knew
my voice — how. She
managed it. Jud alone
knows. But then Ju
have always had a
miraculous tribe of
servants. I remember
the charming Rose.

We are riding out a

tremendous sale down here.
The chestnut in the churchyard
has fallen on one of Leonard's
new fruit trees; & one
can't poke one's nose out
without having it blown off.
I daresay you are worse off
with all your trees at
Welwyn. NYPL George (Jr
George Duckworth) says
you are not in the least
deaf - you are as young as
ever he says - that's not
true at all of George.
Ye. Julian, Venus eldest, is
a perfect Stephen, weighs 13. 6. is
2 months & 2 days old

June 5th 1929

Sandey. 52 Tavistock Lane.

My Violet,

I'm so glad that you like home of the Lightkeeper. People in the Hebrides are very angry. Is it Cornwall? I'm not as sure as you are.

I've been nursing a headache in bed all this week. I now go to Rodmell, to lie in the sun — do please excuse my illiteracy. I think I shd prefer an operation to a headache —

Are you really all right again? At Welwyn? Digging? with dogs? Leonard send his love — yr V.W

Virginia Woolf

Monks House
Rodmell - Lewes.

27th Sept.
1930

My Violet,

Yes certainly we will send you straight from the Press On Being Ill, & The Art of Dying (a cheerful pair) The working women's book is held up - won't I think be out till the spring - which seems at the moment very

far off.

We are shivering over a log fire; but on Wednesday, shall be amused to hear, Nessa is giving a luncheon party to Sir George Duckworth & his son. He says he is about to die. NYM.

What did I ever give you?.)

Can't remember, & your hand is so impressionistic that I can't read.

Leonards love - (Sp: